

The moon cast a silvery glow across the white expanse of the safehouse, its beams glinting off the stark surfaces like liquid light. The space was quiet, eerily so, with only the faint sound of Polo's footsteps echoing in the stillness. He paced restlessly, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts.

*It's been hours,* Polo thought, glancing at the clock on the far wall. *Still no sign of them. What if they come back... with the police? What if this was the plan all along? Cut me loose, let me rot in some cell.* He ran a hand through his hair, the weight of paranoia pressing heavily on his chest.

Polo muttered under his breath, trying to steady his nerves. "Heh... What else could I expect? I've been a criminal, after all. A life of schemes and lies—hardly the stuff of heroics. Still..." His gaze drifted to a darkened corner where a discarded mask lay, its edges tattered but its design unmistakable. "I kinda liked being Mid-Nite for a while," he admitted softly, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "For once, I wasn't just another cog in the machine. I was... something else. Someone better."



The smile faded as quickly as it had appeared. The memory of what he had done before —the betrayals, the bloodshed, the impossible choices—sent a shiver down his spine.

*Did it even matter?* he thought bitterly. *In the end, it's always the same. Everyone's out for themselves. Loyalty? Trust? Just words people use when they're trying to fool you.*

A sudden beep shattered the silence, jolting him back to the present. His phone screen lit up, and he hesitated before answering.

"Hello?" His voice was cautious, almost a whisper.

"Polo, it's me," came the familiar voice on the other end.

"Boss?" Polo's eyes widened, his heart skipping a beat. "I thought—"

"Listen," Ramsey cut him off, his tone clipped and urgent. "We don't have time. Gear up and meet me at the Ivory Tower. Now."

The line went dead before Polo could respond.

He stood frozen for a moment, the phone still pressed to his ear. The safehouse suddenly felt colder, the walls closing in. *The Ivory Tower?* He hadn't heard Ramsey's voice like that before—sharp, almost desperate. Whatever was happening, it was big.

Polo let out a shaky breath, his mind racing. "Ivory Tower," he repeated, the name sending a chill through him. He clenched his fists, forcing himself to move. "Alright, Boss. Let's see how this plays out."

He strode toward the corner, grabbing the mask and his gear. The weight of the past weeks bore down on him, but there was no time to dwell. The final act was beginning, and he was a part of it—whether he wanted to be or not.

The roads were silent as Mid-Nite's sleek black car hummed steadily along, the city lights flickering in the distance like fading stars. Polo's eyes remained focused, the weight of the decision pressing down on him. The night felt colder now, as if the very air sensed something was about to break.

When he finally arrived at the Ivory Tower, the building stood in eerie stillness. The front door was unlocked, and the emptiness of the place was unsettling. No guards, no noise—just the hum of the city outside.

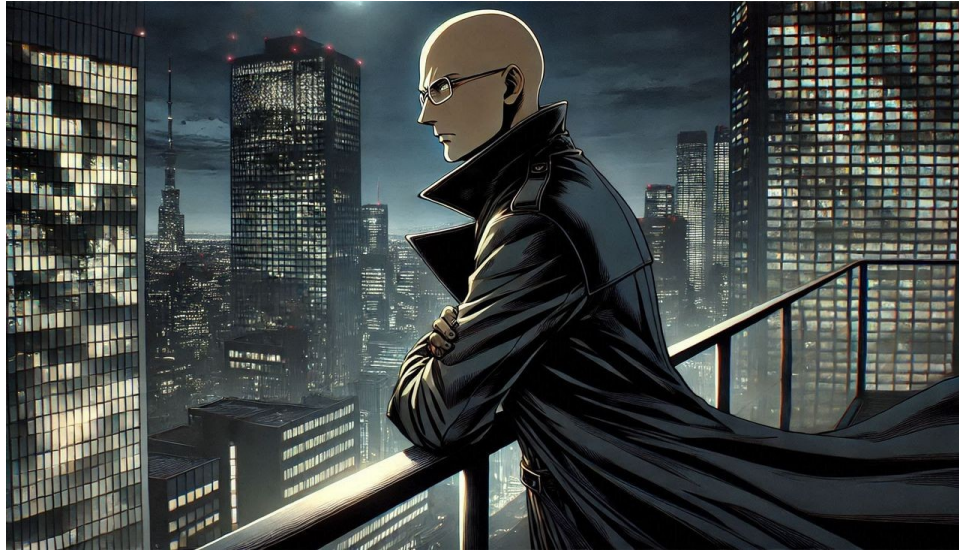
Mid-Nite entered the lift, his fingers brushing the worn buttons as he ascended. The smooth motion of the lift did nothing to calm the sense of dread crawling up his spine. The silence in the air was deafening, the stillness as heavy as a storm before it broke.

The lift reached the top floor with a soft chime, and Polo stepped out, moving with quiet precision. His steps echoed down the narrow hallway before he reached the door leading to the roof. His fingers gripped the cold handle, the weight of everything—everything he'd done—hanging in the balance.

He pushed the door open.

The wind hit him immediately, biting at his skin. The city sprawled beneath him, vast and lifeless under the pale moonlight. And there, standing at the edge of the roof, were the three figures he had been summoned to meet.

Ramsey was the first thing Polo noticed. Standing near the railing, his back straight, eyes focused on the horizon. He looked every bit the leader Polo had followed—ruthless, calculating, but something else lingered in his presence now. A quiet tension. A finality.



Next was Lieutenant Cheng, her back turned to him as she stared down at her tablet, her fingers moving swiftly across the screen. She didn't look up as Polo approached, but the sharpness in her posture told him she was aware of his every movement.





Finally, there was Tiffany. Leaning against the far corner, arms crossed, her gaze distant. Polo couldn't help but notice the subtle shift in her demeanor—her usual cheerfulness was replaced by something more guarded, more calculating. She wasn't just another member of the team anymore. She had evolved.



The air between them was thick with unspoken words, the kind of silence that had built up over weeks of half-truths and hidden agendas. Polo's eyes flicked from one figure to the next, but no one spoke.

Ramsey finally turned, his gaze locking onto Polo's with a cold intensity. "You're late," he said, his voice low and purposeful.

"I wasn't sure this was gonna happen," Polo replied, his voice clipped. "You don't call me out here without a reason."

"You're here now," Ramsey said, nodding to the others. "And that's all that matters." His eyes softened for a split second, just enough for Polo to catch the weight of what was to come. "We're at the endgame. This is it."

Cheng looked up from her tablet, her eyes briefly meeting Polo's before returning to the screen. "Everything is in place," she muttered, voice flat but with a hint of something more—anticipation? Apprehension? She wasn't letting anything show.

Tiffany finally pushed herself off the wall and stepped forward, her gaze sharp. "If this fails, we're all done. Every last one of us. There's no turning back now."

Polo's heart skipped, his mind racing with the possibilities. What was going on? What had he been brought here for? The pieces were beginning to fall into place, but something wasn't adding up.

Ramsey stepped toward him, the air between them thick with tension. "We've played our cards, Polo. We've run the game long enough. But now, it's about survival. You want in?" He let the question hang in the air, its weight far more significant than the simple inquiry it seemed to be.

Polo glanced at each of them, the implications of Ramsey's words sinking in. This wasn't just a meeting—it was a moment of reckoning. And he was caught right in the middle.

"I'm here," Polo said, his voice steady. "So what happened?"



Ramsey's words cut through the silence like a blade. "Leeds is about to be in chaos, and we can only stop it. The gangs know their time is at an end. They'll use every last resource they have to bring the city to its knees as a final act. We need to stop them before that happens."

Polo nodded slowly, the gravity of the situation settling in. "Alright. I'm in."

Tiffany stepped forward, her gaze sharp. "So, Ramsey, what's the plan?"

Ramsey's eyes flicked to Cheng. "Cheng, brief us all on this."

Cheng stood tall, her tablet still clutched in one hand as she began to speak. "Let's start with what we know."

She pulled up a map of Leeds, pinpointing locations that marked the gang territories and operations. "There are seven gangs still active in Leeds. Two have already been taken out—Steel Knights and Red Shadows are no longer in play. That leaves us with five. And they're all dangerous."

Cheng paused, tapping the screen to highlight the first gang.

"First up, the *Iron Serpents*. Led by Felix Carrillo. This group specializes in arms trading. They have access to some of the most advanced weaponry in the city—everything from high-powered rifles to military-grade explosives. Carrillo's no stranger to dealing with

international arms dealers, and his network extends far beyond Leeds. They're heavily armed, well-funded, and willing to do whatever it takes to maintain their power."

She moved to the next gang.

"*Black Cobras*, led by Marta 'The Viper' Delgado. They're into drug trafficking. Marta's been running a tight operation, smuggling drugs from South America and Asia into the heart of Leeds. Their supply chain is extensive, and they have connections to some of the biggest cartels in the world. The Cobras control much of the street-level trade in the city, pushing everything from heroin to synthetic opioids. They're ruthless, and Marta is known for eliminating anyone who gets in her way."

Cheng switched the display to a darker screen, showing encrypted symbols and flashing data streams.

"*Midnight Syndicate*, led by Noah 'Cipher' Lee. These guys are all about cybercrime. They're responsible for a lot of the hacking, identity theft, and financial fraud happening in the city. They've been manipulating data and stealing from both private and government accounts for years. Lee is a genius with tech—he can infiltrate any system, and he's been playing both sides of the law. If anyone can trigger anarchy in the digital age, it's the Syndicate."

She moved to the next gang, her tone darkening.

"*Iron Fists*, led by Diego 'Bones' Martinez. These are the muscle. Their specialty is brute force. They've been hired as enforcers for other gangs, but they've been building their own reputation in the underground. Bones is a former heavyweight fighter, and his crew is known for their violent, no-mercy tactics. They'll break bones, burn down buildings, and terrorize anyone who gets in their way. They're not afraid to get their hands dirty."

Finally, Cheng brought up the last gang, and her expression grew colder.

"The *Vipers*, led by Natasha 'Raven' Volkov. They specialize in human trafficking. This gang is one of the most despicable in Leeds. They've been abducting people, smuggling them across borders, and selling them into forced labor or worse. Natasha Volkov runs a highly secretive operation, but she's known to have connections with some of the worst people in the world. She'll stop at nothing to maintain her control over the trade."

Cheng paused, letting the weight of the information sink in. The tension in the room was palpable as everyone absorbed the magnitude of what they were up against.

"We're dealing with a city on the brink of war," Cheng finished. "These gangs aren't just fighting for control—they're fighting for survival. If we don't act quickly, we'll lose everything."

Ramsey's voice cut through the tension. "We don't have time to waste. We need to hit them before they strike. Polo, get ready. Tiffany, Cheng, start gathering intel. The clock's ticking."

Ramsey paced the room, his mind racing. The stakes were too high to gamble with blind luck. "Right now, we don't know their exact locations, and I can't plan without knowing where each of them is. We can't just assign anyone to a particular leader and hope for the best. We need to place the right people in the right spots with the highest chance of success."

Cheng gave a curt nod, already working through the data in her mind. "It's going to take time to pinpoint each one of them, Ramsey. I can't say for sure, but I'd estimate a couple of hours."

Ramsey's eyes narrowed as he pressed for more specifics. "Who's location do we know right now?"

Cheng glanced down at her tablet, swiping through the screens as she reviewed the intel. "We've got the location of *The Iron Fists*—Diego 'Bones' Martinez's crew. They're holed up in an old industrial complex near the outskirts of Leeds, just past the docks in the *Riverside District*. It's a prime location for a group like them—isolated, out of sight, and fortified."

Ramsey's gaze sharpened, already strategizing. "Alright. That gives us a target. Mid-Nite. Our plan starts now. You will be the one to take Diego down. The Iron Fists are dangerous, and they won't go down without a fight. I need you to hit them fast and hard."

Neutralize Martinez and his crew before they have a chance to retaliate."

Polo, now fully steeled for the task, nodded firmly, his mind already calculating the risks. "Understood. I'll make it quick."

Ramsey looked around at the group, his voice low but filled with certainty. "This is our chance to strike first. We hit them fast, we hit them hard, and we make sure they know we're not here to negotiate."

Tiffany stepped forward, a determined look on her face. "What about the others?"

Ramsey's eyes narrowed as he met her gaze. "Once we've neutralized Martinez and the Iron Fists, we'll move on the others. But right now, we focus on them. Cheng, I need you to keep tracking the rest. As soon as we've taken down one, we'll be ready to move on the next."

"Got it," Cheng replied, already typing furiously into her tablet, scanning for more intel.

With the plan set in motion, Ramsey gave one last, commanding look at Polo. "Mid-Nite, make it count. We don't have much time."

Polo turned and headed for the door, every step filled with purpose. The quiet tension of the night seemed to hang over them, but one thing was clear—this was only the beginning.



## Old Industrial Complex

The night was thick with fog as Mid-Nite made his way through the abandoned streets on the outskirts of Leeds. The old industrial complex loomed ahead—an imposing structure, its silhouette jagged against the moonlit sky. Once a thriving factory, now it stood as a desolate husk, perfect for a group like the Iron Fists to set up shop. The air was still, save for the occasional scrape of metal or the distant hiss of a leaking pipe. Silence was the perfect ally tonight.

Mid-Nite's footsteps were muffled by the thick mist that clung to the ground. He crouched low, blending into the shadows like a ghost, his black suit merging with the darkness. His mind was sharp, calculating each step, each movement. *Time to get to work. No noise. No mistakes. Just clean.* His twin electric nightsticks, each strapped to his sides, hummed quietly, ready to strike. He wasn't just here to take them down—he was here to dismantle them, piece by piece, silently.



His first target was a guard posted near the entrance of the complex, pacing in front of a rusted steel door that creaked with age. Mid-Nite stayed low behind a large stack of crates, watching the guard's movements through the gaps in the boxes. The man was distracted, adjusting his gear, unaware of the silent predator closing in.

*"This is going to be easy,"* Mid-Nite muttered to himself. His right hand hovered over the handle of one of his nightsticks. *"Just like the others."*

Mid-Nite moved like a shadow, fluid and deliberate. In a blur of motion, he closed the distance, his body crouching as he reached the guard's blind spot. With a swift movement, his hand clamped down on the man's mouth, stifling any potential outcry. The electric nightstick flicked to life, a crackling blue energy arcing across the length of it as he jabbed it into the guard's side. The man's body spasmed for a moment before crumpling to the ground, a lifeless heap. Mid-Nite dragged the body into the shadows, where it would remain unnoticed, leaving nothing behind but the faint trace of disturbed dirt.

*"One down, too many to go,"* Mid-Nite thought, wiping the small trace of sweat from his brow.

Inside, the complex was a maze of dimly lit corridors and catwalks suspended over machinery that had long since fallen into disrepair. The Iron Fists used the labyrinth to their advantage, with multiple entry points, backrooms, and secure locations. The place was crawling with armed men, but Mid-Nite had the advantage—he was the unseen hand in the dark.

He moved with precision, watching, waiting for each patrol to pass by. His eyes never left the movements of his targets, and as he stalked deeper into the belly of the complex, he took note of every guard, every locked door, every weak point in their defenses. *"Gotta keep my distance. Let them walk right into my trap,"* he thought, his lips curling into a slight smirk.

A few floors up, a small break room was occupied by three men playing cards. Their chatter echoed through the narrow hallway, unaware that they were being watched. Mid-Nite crept closer, his breath steady, his pulse steady. He reached the open doorway, crouching behind a support beam, watching them. They were too focused on their game to hear the soft scrape of his boots against the concrete floor.

*"Pathetic,"* he whispered under his breath. *"Even their games are sloppy."*

In a flash, Mid-Nite leapt forward, his body contorting as he moved with lethal speed. The first guard didn't have time to react. A hand shot out, grabbing him by the throat, and before he could make a sound, Mid-Nite dragged him out of the room, pinning him against the cold wall. His nightstick came down with a precise crack, knocking the man unconscious without a hint of struggle.

The second man barely registered the movement before Mid-Nite's other nightstick flashed to life, the electric crackling noise filling the room as it arced across his chest. The man stumbled back, his muscles locking, but Mid-Nite didn't hesitate. With a swift, fluid motion, he pressed the nightstick against the man's neck, delivering a second, more powerful surge of electricity that knocked him out cold.

*"Two down... Where's the last one?"* Mid-Nite thought, glancing over to the third guard.

The third man fumbled for his gun, but Mid-Nite was faster. He stepped into the room, closed the distance, and brought his knee up, knocking the man's weapon from his hand before delivering a sharp elbow to his spine, incapacitating him. As the guard's body hit the floor, Mid-Nite's foot swiftly connected with his temple, knocking him unconscious before he could even register the attack.

*"Now they'll have more than a bruised ego to worry about,"* Mid-Nite said to himself, stepping over the bodies.

The place was eerily quiet now. His presence was a whisper in the wind, unnoticed by the remaining guards, but it wouldn't be long before they realized something was wrong.

Mid-Nite moved swiftly, navigating through the narrow hallways, climbing a flight of stairs that led to the upper floors. His target was near—the leader of the Iron Fists, Diego "Bones" Martinez. But he wasn't in a hurry. He knew the layout of this place, had studied every corner, every security blind spot. He had to make his move at the right time. *"No rush. Just stay focused."*

As he passed through a large, open room, he spotted two more men standing near a massive control panel, their eyes on a set of monitors that displayed various feeds of the complex. They were distracted, unaware of the predator in their midst.

*"Now, let's see if I can make this a quick game,"* Mid-Nite mused, his lips curling into a confident grin.



Without hesitation, Mid-Nite slipped behind a large pillar, creeping closer with silent precision. The men were still engrossed in their duties, their conversation low, murmuring between each other. Mid-Nite waited for the perfect moment.

The first guard reached up to adjust the monitor, and that was the moment. Mid-Nite moved with lightning speed, grabbing the man's wrist and twisting it behind his back, forcing him into a painful submission. The man gasped, struggling, but Mid-Nite's knee drove into his back, forcing him into an agonizing hold.

The second man turned, startled, but before he could react, Mid-Nite's electric nightstick snapped into action. The crackling energy surged into the man's chest, sending him stumbling backward, gasping for air as his body locked in place. A swift punch to the temple knocked him unconscious, his head slamming into the cold metal panel behind him.

*"They're not paying attention to anything important. This is almost too easy,"* Mid-Nite thought, stepping over their unconscious bodies.

He didn't pause. He stepped over the bodies, moving further into the complex, each step deliberate, each move calculated. Diego "Bones" Martinez was getting closer.

As he reached a set of reinforced double doors, he paused. His hand hovered over the handle for just a moment, feeling the weight of what was coming next. The endgame. It wouldn't be long before the

entire complex was in disarray, and Diego would know someone was coming for him.

*"Now it's time to end it,"* Mid-Nite muttered under his breath. He could almost feel the tension hanging in the air, the calm before the storm.

The large double doors swung open with a heavy creak, revealing the dimly lit room beyond. But as soon as Mid-Nite stepped inside, a brutal strike landed squarely on his side. The force was like a battering ram, sending him crashing into the nearby pillar. He grunted, feeling the sting of the impact as he staggered to regain his balance.

Standing before him was Diego "Bones" Martinez, the leader of the Iron Fists. The man was a mountain—tall, broad-shouldered, muscles bulging beneath a tight, sleeveless shirt. His fists were already raised, his posture aggressive, his eyes narrowed in a deadly, focused gaze.

"Mid-Nite! So the rumors were true after all! Damn you! You think you can come in here and take me down?" Diego's voice was like gravel, deep and menacing.

Mid-Nite didn't answer. His body was already in motion, his twin electric nightsticks crackling to life in his hands. He spun the

weapons, feeling their weight and power as he advanced on Diego, his every move precise and deliberate.

Diego wasn't phased. He lunged forward with a roar, his fist aimed directly at Mid-Nite's head. The blow was fast, but Mid-Nite was faster. He ducked just in time, the punch whipping past his face by a mere inch. But before he could retaliate, Diego's other fist swung in a wide arc, slamming into Mid-Nite's side with a sickening thud. The force of the punch sent him stumbling back, the pain searing through his ribs.

"You're too slow," Diego taunted, stepping forward to follow up with another devastating punch.

Mid-Nite's instincts kicked in, and he managed to sidestep, but Diego's fists were relentless. Each strike was like a sledgehammer, and despite Mid-Nite's agility, the sheer power behind Diego's blows was taking its toll. Another punch landed, this time to Mid-Nite's chest, sending him crashing into a nearby stack of metal crates. The impact rattled his bones, and he grunted, trying to shake off the dizziness.

"You can dodge all you want," Diego sneered, cracking his knuckles as he advanced. "But you can't escape me."

Mid-Nite's mind raced. He needed to find a way to turn the tide—his usual speed and agility wouldn't be enough against a man like Diego. But he wasn't done yet.

Mid-Nite pushed himself off the crates, narrowing his eyes. "We'll see about that."

Diego charged, his fists raised to strike again, but this time, Mid-Nite had a different plan. He ducked under Diego's wild swing and used the momentum to swing his left nightstick up, aiming for the giant's head. But Diego was quicker than expected. He shifted just enough to block the strike, using his forearm to deflect the blow. Mid-Nite wasn't discouraged. He spun, bringing the second nightstick into play, striking with a quick jab toward Diego's midsection.

The nightstick hit its mark, but Diego's massive frame barely budged. He grunted, barely fazed, and retaliated with a knee that connected with Mid-Nite's stomach, lifting him off his feet. The breath was knocked from Mid-Nite's lungs, and he crashed to the ground, gasping for air.

Diego loomed over him, grinning. "I don't know what you thought you could do with those toys, but it's not enough."

Mid-Nite's body was still wracked with pain, but his resolve was unbroken. He knew he couldn't let Diego control the pace. With a sharp intake of breath, he pushed himself back to his feet, his nightsticks still crackling with electricity. He was battered, but not beaten—not yet.

"You're right," Mid-Nite muttered, eyes narrowing. "It's not enough... but you've underestimated one thing."

Diego raised an eyebrow, stepping back slightly. "And what's that?"

"Me."

With a burst of speed, Mid-Nite moved faster than Diego anticipated, his nightsticks flashing in the dim light. He feigned a strike to Diego's left side, but at the last second, he reversed the motion, bringing both nightsticks down in a brutal double strike to Diego's right arm. The electric charge from the sticks surged through Diego's arm, numbing the muscles for just a moment, and that was all Mid-Nite needed.

Mid-Nite followed up with a series of lightning-fast strikes. One nightstick to Diego's ribs, another to his knee, and then a swift strike to the face. Diego staggered back, surprised by the sudden shift in momentum, but he quickly recovered, his fists raised in defense.

"You've got some fight in you," Diego growled, wiping blood from his lip. "But it won't be enough to stop me."

Mid-Nite's eyes flickered with determination. "We'll see."

The two fighters stood facing each other, each assessing the other. The battle had only just begun, and Mid-Nite was far from finished.

The air in the room was thick with tension as Mid-Nite and Diego circled each other, their breaths heavy, bodies bruised from the exchange. Mid-Nite's arms ached from the strain, but his focus was sharp. He had taken hits, but he wasn't finished. Not by a long shot.



Diego cracked his neck, grinning with a sadistic glint in his eyes. "You've got guts, I'll give you that. But this ends now."

Without warning, Diego lunged again, his fists aimed at Mid-Nite's head. The air whistled as they cut through it, and Mid-Nite's instincts screamed. He sidestepped, but Diego wasn't just throwing punches—he was relentless, every blow coming faster and harder. Mid-Nite could feel the shockwaves of each missed strike. If one of those connected, it would be lights out.

His mind raced as he ducked another crushing blow, narrowly avoiding a knee to his ribs. Diego's power was overwhelming, but Mid-Nite had something else—his agility, his precision. He waited for the right moment, feeling the adrenaline flood his veins.

And then it came.

Diego swung his fist with a roar, but this time, Mid-Nite didn't dodge. He ducked low, moving in with calculated speed. As Diego's fist missed, Mid-Nite closed the gap and swung both nightsticks up, one aimed at Diego's abdomen, the other at his throat.

The first strike landed hard, the electric charge surging into Diego's midsection. The second strike hit with brutal precision, cutting across Diego's throat. For a moment, Diego froze, stunned by the impact. His hands instinctively went to his neck, but Mid-Nite wasn't finished.

Without hesitation, Mid-Nite surged forward, his knee connecting with Diego's abdomen, forcing the air from his lungs. The giant staggered back, winded and disoriented. Mid-Nite didn't give him a chance to recover.

In one fluid motion, Mid-Nite twisted one of his nightsticks, extending it like a staff. He used it to sweep Diego's legs from under him, sending him crashing to the ground with a deafening thud. The floor shook beneath them, but Mid-Nite wasn't done yet.

As Diego tried to rise, Mid-Nite moved with lightning speed. He grabbed both nightsticks, now crackling with renewed energy, and brought them down on Diego's torso in a series of devastating blows. The sound of the electric shocks echoed through the room, and Diego's body jerked with each strike. His muscles spasmed, unable to react fast enough to defend himself.

Diego let out a roar of frustration, trying to grab Mid-Nite, but his movements were sluggish, his strength waning from the electric surges.

Mid-Nite didn't hesitate. He used his agility to his advantage, flipping over Diego's body, landing behind him with a precise roll. In an instant, he twisted Diego's arm behind his back, applying pressure, forcing the massive man to the ground. Diego grunted in pain, but the fight was slipping from him—he was too slow now, too stunned.

With one final move, Mid-Nite delivered a sharp strike to the base of Diego's neck with the flat of his nightstick, sending a surge of

electricity through the man's spine. Diego's body jerked violently, his muscles locking up. He let out a strangled gasp before collapsing, unconscious, onto the cold concrete floor.

Mid-Nite stood over him, breathing hard, sweat dripping from his brow. The fight was over. But the war wasn't won yet.

He looked down at Diego's fallen form, his chest rising and falling with heavy breaths. The leader of the Iron Fists was out for the count. The complex was quiet now, save for the crackling of the nightsticks in his hands.

Mid-Nite didn't waste any more time. He knew there were more men to deal with, more battles to fight. But for now, Diego was down, and that was a major victory.

## **Sky Garden Tower**

The clock struck 3am back in Sky Garden tower, the tension in the air was palpable. Ramsey stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, gazing out over the city, his mind racing. He heard Cheng's voice behind him.

Ramsey: "Looks like Diego has fallen."

Cheng's eyes flicked to the screen in front of him, tapping away quickly before turning to Ramsey. "I got the location of another leader."

Ramsey turned around, his voice clipped. "Who is it?"

Cheng glanced at the map, his finger tracing a line. "The Iron Serpents."

Ramsey raised an eyebrow. "They have guns, and I'm a sharpshooter. Where are they located?"

Cheng leaned in, his voice low, the urgency in his tone matching the gravity of the situation. "The Iron Serpents are holed up at the old train yard on the eastern edge of the city—an abandoned warehouse complex. It's a maze of rusting metal and crumbling walls, hard to get into unless you've done your homework. They've fortified the area well, and it's a hotbed for conflict if you're not careful."

Ramsey's lips curled into a thin, determined line. "Perfect. I know that place. I'll take care of it."

He turned sharply, heading toward the door, the weight of the task settling on his shoulders. "Cheng, get me intel on the rest. Every second counts."

Cheng nodded without hesitation, fingers already flying over the keyboard, his focus intense. As Ramsey exited, Cheng continued his work, tracking the rest of the leaders, but Ramsey was already in motion. The clock was ticking, and he knew the Iron Serpents wouldn't wait for him.

## **The Old Trainyard**

The night air was thick with the scent of rust and oil as Ramsey approached the old train yard, his silhouette merging with the darkness. The complex, an abandoned relic from a bygone era, sprawled across the eastern edge of the city. Weathered steel tracks lay in disarray, while shattered windows of dilapidated warehouses stood like empty eyes staring into the void. The Iron Serpents had made this place their own, and Ramsey was about to dismantle their kingdom piece by piece.

He moved swiftly, staying low against the shadows, his footsteps silent on the cracked concrete. The ambient noise of the city was a distant hum, drowned out by the wind, the creak of old train cars swaying in the breeze. There was no light in the yard except for the dim glow from scattered street lamps and the flicker of a single spotlight scanning over the area—an easy way in for someone who knew how to stay unseen.





Ramsey's hands were steady as he checked his equipment: the compact, silenced pistol tucked into the waistband of his pants, the smooth grip of his night-vision goggles resting lightly in his pack. His sharp eyes were already scanning the perimeter, noting the positions of the guards patrolling the yard. He'd been in enough situations like this to know that every step, every move had to be calculated.

He crouched beside a stack of discarded crates, watching the two guards stationed near a chain-link fence. They stood in the glow of the spotlight, unaware of the predator closing in. The familiar weight of the pistol was a comforting presence at his side.

Ramsey moved like a whisper in the night. He slipped between the shadows, a fluid motion that made him invisible. His first target, a lone guard near the supply shed, never saw it coming. Ramsey's steps were nearly soundless as he closed the distance, the cold steel of the silenced pistol in his hand. A quick shot to the head, and

the man crumpled to the ground, barely a thud as he hit the dirt. Ramsey wasted no time; he dragged the body into the shadows and continued moving.

The yard was a maze of abandoned vehicles and rusting equipment, but Ramsey knew exactly where to go. Every corner, every potential vantage point had been studied before. He moved like a shadow, taking care to avoid detection as he made his way deeper into the complex.

Another guard appeared on the catwalk above him, scanning the area below with a flashlight. Ramsey's eyes narrowed, the beam of light sweeping just past his position. Timing was everything. As the guard turned away, Ramsey took the opportunity, creeping up the metal staircase that led to the catwalk.

A single shot, precise and deliberate, rang out, and the guard's body jerked before he crumpled, a soft, unceremonious fall. Ramsey didn't let his guard down. He pulled the body out of sight and continued, each move calculated, efficient.

He could hear the faint sounds of a few more guards deeper into the complex, but Ramsey knew the layout well. His next move was a small maintenance room, where two guards stood idly by, their chatter muffled through the thin metal walls. Ramsey crouched, moving silently to the door.

He slid his back against the wall and peered through the crack, assessing the situation. The two guards were lazily scanning the

perimeter, their attention divided. Ramsey's heart rate remained steady, his body a machine.

The first guard was closest. Ramsey's hand moved in a fluid motion, the silenced pistol lifting with practiced ease. One shot. The guard dropped, his body hitting the ground without a sound. The second guard barely had time to turn before Ramsey was on him, pinning him against the wall. Another shot, another body falling to the floor.

There was no hesitation, no remorse—only a sharp focus on the task at hand. Ramsey made sure to drag the bodies into corners where they wouldn't be found, leaving no trace. The clock was ticking, and he had to reach the heart of the Iron Serpents' operation.

The deeper he went, the more heavily guarded the area became. Yet, Ramsey remained a ghost, slipping between shadows, moving unnoticed. The sound of footsteps from another guard grew louder ahead, but Ramsey was already in position, crouching behind a rusted steel pillar. He waited, eyes locked on the approaching figure.

The night air was thick with the scent of rust and oil as Ramsey approached the old train yard, his silhouette merging with the darkness. The complex, an abandoned relic from a bygone era, sprawled across the eastern edge of the city. Weathered steel tracks lay in disarray, while shattered windows of dilapidated warehouses stood like empty eyes staring into the void. The Iron Serpents had made this place their own, and Ramsey was about to dismantle their kingdom piece by piece.

He moved swiftly, staying low against the shadows, his footsteps silent on the cracked concrete. The ambient noise of the city was a distant hum, drowned out by the wind, the creak of old train cars swaying in the breeze. There was no light in the yard except for the dim glow from scattered street lamps and the flicker of a single spotlight scanning over the area—an easy way in for someone who knew how to stay unseen.

Ramsey's hands were steady as he checked his equipment: the compact, silenced pistol tucked into the waistband of his pants, the smooth grip of his night-vision goggles resting lightly in his pack. His sharp eyes were already scanning the perimeter, noting the positions of the guards patrolling the yard. He'd been in enough situations like this to know that every step, every move had to be calculated.

He crouched beside a stack of discarded crates, watching the two guards stationed near a chain-link fence. They stood in the glow of the spotlight, unaware of the predator closing in. The familiar weight of the pistol was a comforting presence at his side.

Ramsey moved like a whisper in the night. He slipped between the shadows, a fluid motion that made him invisible. His first target, a lone guard near the supply shed, never saw it coming. Ramsey's steps were nearly soundless as he closed the distance, the cold steel of the silenced pistol in his hand. A quick shot to the head, and the man crumpled to the ground, barely a thud as he hit the dirt.

Ramsey wasted no time; he dragged the body into the shadows and continued moving.

The yard was a maze of abandoned vehicles and rusting equipment, but Ramsey knew exactly where to go. Every corner, every potential vantage point had been studied before. He moved like a shadow, taking care to avoid detection as he made his way deeper into the complex.

Another guard appeared on the catwalk above him, scanning the area below with a flashlight. Ramsey's eyes narrowed, the beam of light sweeping just past his position. Timing was everything. As the guard turned away, Ramsey took the opportunity, creeping up the metal staircase that led to the catwalk.

A single shot, precise and deliberate, rang out, and the guard's body jerked before he crumpled, a soft, unceremonious fall. Ramsey didn't let his guard down. He pulled the body out of sight and continued, each move calculated, efficient.

He could hear the faint sounds of a few more guards deeper into the complex, but Ramsey knew the layout well. His next move was a small maintenance room, where two guards stood idly by, their chatter muffled through the thin metal walls. Ramsey crouched, moving silently to the door.

He slid his back against the wall and peered through the crack, assessing the situation. The two guards were lazily scanning the

perimeter, their attention divided. Ramsey's heart rate remained steady, his body a machine.

The first guard was closest. Ramsey's hand moved in a fluid motion, the silenced pistol lifting with practiced ease. One shot. The guard dropped, his body hitting the ground without a sound. The second guard barely had time to turn before Ramsey was on him, pinning him against the wall. Another shot, another body falling to the floor.

There was no hesitation, no remorse—only a sharp focus on the task at hand. Ramsey made sure to drag the bodies into corners where they wouldn't be found, leaving no trace. The clock was ticking, and he had to reach the heart of the Iron Serpents' operation.

The deeper he went, the more heavily guarded the area became. Yet, Ramsey remained a ghost, slipping between shadows, moving unnoticed. The sound of footsteps from another guard grew louder ahead, but Ramsey was already in position, crouching behind a rusted steel pillar. He waited, eyes locked on the approaching figure.

As the guard passed, Ramsey darted forward, his hand swift and steady, placing the barrel of the gun against the back of the man's head. One shot. The guard crumpled, and Ramsey continued on his path.

Soon, Ramsey reached the central building, the heart of the Iron Serpents' stronghold. From the shadows, he could see movement inside—guards pacing in front of the entrance, the flicker of lights

casting shadows across the walls. He knew that getting in would be tricky, but he had planned for this.

He ducked down, scanning for an alternate entrance. A small service door on the side, hidden behind a pile of crates, offered the perfect opportunity. It was unlocked, and Ramsey slipped inside, moving with stealth, barely making a sound. The air inside was thick, the smell of oil and decay lingering in the stale atmosphere.

Inside, the complex was a warren of narrow hallways and rooms, each one holding more danger. Ramsey moved methodically, staying just one step ahead of the guards, slipping past them, always keeping his target in sight. He knew Felix Carrillo, the leader of the Iron Serpents, was near—he could feel it in the air.

There was a tension in the place now, a palpable buzz of activity, as if the gang was aware something was wrong. But they wouldn't see Ramsey until it was too late.

Ramsey paused near the main door to the leader's office, the faint sound of footsteps echoing from the other side. His grip tightened around the pistol, his focus narrowing. Felix would be behind that door. The plan was simple: in and out, no mistakes.

Ramsey's sharp eyes caught the vent near the ceiling, an alternate way to take Felix Carrillo off guard. But he had a better idea. Reaching into his jacket, he retrieved a small smoke bomb, its metallic surface glinting faintly in the dim light. Without hesitation, he tossed it through the crack in the door.



The device hissed and erupted, filling the room with thick, choking smoke. Ramsey moved fast, bursting through the door with a practiced kick.

Inside, Felix Carrillo stood behind a mounted minigun, its barrels spinning up to life. The roar of the weapon drowned out the sound of Ramsey's entry as Felix shouted through the chaos.



"So, the mighty Heartlands Boss thinks he can take *me* down? You'll die choking on your arrogance!" Felix bellowed before unleashing a torrent of bullets, cutting wildly through the smoky air.

The room was chaos. Felix fired in every direction, blinded by the smoke. The deafening sound of gunfire echoed off the walls, punctuated by Felix's curses. "Come on! Face me, you coward!" he yelled, his voice desperate now as he unloaded more rounds, hitting only empty space and walls.

Ramsey crouched low, his breathing steady despite the chaos. His mind worked faster than ever, calculating Felix's firing pattern and the trajectory of the minigun's rounds. Every sweep of the weapon narrowed Felix's position. Ramsey adjusted his aim, aligning it perfectly in his mind.

Blind but decisive, he raised his pistol, the silencer adding weight to the precision he needed. One shot. Then another.

The gunfire stopped. The room fell silent except for the faint hiss of the dissipating smoke. Ramsey rose slowly, his silhouette emerging through the haze. Felix lay crumpled on the ground, his weapon tilted uselessly to the side, smoke curling from its overheated barrels.

Ramsey lowered his pistol, stepping closer to confirm his victory. The Iron Serpents' reign, and Felix Carrillo's, had come to an end.

## **Sky Garden Tower**

Back at the Sky Garden Tower, the lights of the city dimmed down one by one as it was almost early morning. Tiffany stood by the edge of the glass-walled room, her gaze distant, lost in thought. Cheng watched her for a moment before breaking the silence.

Cheng: "Yes! That's two down, and three more to go!"

Tiffany, still staring at the horizon, raised her hand weakly, forcing a smile. "Heh... yes..."

Cheng frowned, stepping closer. "What is it, Tiff? Are you okay?"

Tiffany hesitated, her lips trembling slightly. Finally, she spoke, her voice heavy with emotion. *"I... well... I was thinking about James."*

Cheng nodded knowingly. "Yeah, I know."

Tiffany: "I'm sorry... It's just—I never saw him like this before. He always joked around so much, always found a way to make me smile, no matter what. I love... I love him so much, Cheng. And seeing him like that, in a coma, unmoving... It broke my heart."

Her voice cracked, and she looked away, tears brimming in her eyes. Cheng reached out, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

Cheng: "Tiff, listen. I know it's hard, and I know how much James means to you. But you have to remember—he did what he could when Leeds needed him most. When no one else was there to protect this city, he stood up. He didn't hesitate, even knowing the risks."

Tiffany turned to him, her voice barely a whisper. "I know.... "

Cheng's expression softened, his tone resolute. "He cared, Tiff. About all of us. About you. He wanted to make sure you had a home

to come back to, a future worth fighting for. That's why he chose to fight. And even now, he's still fighting, in that coma. But we can't let his efforts be in vain. We have our own battles to fight now."

Tiffany wiped her tears, nodding slowly as Cheng's words sank in. The pain in her heart didn't ease, but the determination in her eyes began to rekindle.

Tiffany: "You're right. James wouldn't want me to lose hope. He'd want us to finish this, for him and for everyone else."

Cheng gave her a small smile. "That's the spirit. We'll get through this, Tiff. Together."

The two stood in silence for a moment, their resolve solidifying.

Just then, a sharp beep broke the moment. Cheng turned to the sleek tablet lying on the table and rushed to it, her fingers flying across the screen.

Cheng: "Found it!"

Tiffany moved closer, her brows furrowed. "Found what?"

Cheng glanced up, a hint of triumph in her eyes. "The Black Cobras. They're holed up at the old Foundry Works in Cross Green Industrial Estate."

Tiffany didn't hesitate. "I'll go."

Cheng paused, concern flashing across her face. "You sure you're up for that? We can always wait for—"

Ramsey's voice crackled over the comms, cutting her off with his usual commanding tone. "We don't have time. Tiffany is perfect for this target. Trust her."

Tiffany smirked slightly, slipping on her jacket. "Well... guess that settles it. I'll be off then."

Cheng gave her a nod, though the worry lingered in her eyes. "Be careful, Tiff. The Cobras don't play fair."

Tiffany turned at the door, her gaze steely. "Neither do I."

She disappeared into the night, leaving Cheng staring at the tablet, the faint hum of the city below matching the tension in the air.

## **Cross Green Industrial Estate**

The Cross Green Industrial Estate loomed before Tiffany like a fortress of shadows and menace. Rows of abandoned factories and warehouses stretched into the distance, their skeletal structures illuminated by sporadic flickers of orange streetlights. The faint hum of activity buzzed in the air, punctuated by muffled shouts and the occasional rev of engines. The Black Cobras had turned the Foundry

Works into their den—a hub for drug trafficking that pulsed with illicit energy.

Tiffany approached cautiously, her movements silent and precise. Dressed in a nondescript outfit—a faded hoodie, torn jeans, and scuffed sneakers—she blended seamlessly with the urban decay around her. Her survival instincts kicked in as she surveyed the area, noting every patrol, every camera angle, and the rhythmic pattern of the guards' movements.

She took a deep breath, pulling out a small pouch from her bag. Inside were an array of tools—lockpicks, wires, and small explosive charges—tools of her trade. Tiffany was no brute force operative; she thrived on subtlety and chaos, turning small disruptions into devastating outcomes.

Tiffany's first objective was simple: get inside without alerting anyone. She spotted a service entrance guarded by two men. They were leaning against the wall, casually chatting, their focus entirely elsewhere. Tiffany smiled faintly, slipping a small stone from her pocket and tossing it toward a stack of crates a few meters away. The clatter was sharp enough to draw their attention.

"What was that?" one of them muttered, stepping forward to investigate.

The second guard followed, their conversation forgotten. Tiffany slipped behind them, her steps silent, and used the brief moment of distraction to pick the lock on the door. It clicked open, and she slid

inside before the guards even realized the noise had been a diversion.

The interior was a labyrinth of machinery, conveyor belts, and stacked crates marked with suspicious labels. The air reeked of chemicals and sweat, the unmistakable stench of a drug operation in full swing. Tiffany moved quickly, sticking to the shadows, her eyes scanning for opportunities to create the chaos she needed.

Her first move was a subtle one. She found a fuse box near the entrance and carefully rigged it with a timed charge. It would short-circuit the power in five minutes—enough time for her to set her next plan into motion.

She continued deeper into the facility, her sharp eyes catching sight of workers milling about near a line of trucks. One of them was unloading barrels of chemicals—likely used to cut their product. Tiffany grabbed a loose wrench and, with precise movements, loosened the valve on one of the barrels. A steady stream of liquid began to pool on the floor.

Nearby, a worker flicked a cigarette butt carelessly onto the ground.

Tiffany smirked. "That'll do nicely," she murmured to herself, moving on.

As she crept toward the central area, she planted a few more timed charges on key machinery. Each one was small, designed to create noise and confusion rather than destruction.

By the time the first explosion went off, Tiffany was already halfway across the facility. The fuse box sparked violently, plunging the entire building into flickering darkness. Shouts echoed through the cavernous space as workers scrambled to figure out what was happening.

Then the chemical barrel ignited, sending a plume of fire into the air. Panic spread like wildfire as workers yelled and ran for cover, some slipping on the slick chemical spills Tiffany had left in her wake.

The chaos was absolute. Guards barked orders, their flashlights darting through the smoke-filled air, but Tiffany thrived in the confusion. She moved like a ghost, darting from shadow to shadow, always one step ahead until she found the changing room. He found a senior worker outfit.

Tiffany moved through the frenzied warehouse, her high-tier worker outfit blending her into the chaos she'd orchestrated. Workers dashed about, shouting orders and struggling to contain the spreading havoc. The reflective vest and hard hat made her invisible in plain sight, just another cog in the Black Cobras' crumbling operation.





She made her way to the central office. Marta "The Viper" Delgado was pacing, her radio crackling as she barked orders. "Seal the back exits! Secure the damn shipment before it's all gone!"

Tiffany slipped through the shattered glass door, her steps quiet but deliberate. Marta barely noticed her approach, too focused on the reports of fires and fleeing men. Tiffany walked slowly, confidently, until she was standing just to Marta's side, her hand reaching beneath her clipboard.

"Who the hell—?" Marta started, turning her head.

Before she could finish, Tiffany's blade was out in one fluid motion. She stepped closer, her movement swift yet eerily calm, and slit Marta's throat in a clean, practiced sweep.

As Marta staggered, clutching her neck, her eyes wide with shock, Tiffany leaned in close, her voice a cold whisper.

"This is for Leeds."

Marta collapsed to the ground, blood pooling beneath her as the chaos outside continued to rage. Tiffany wiped the blade clean on her vest, adjusted her disguise, and strode back into the mayhem.

## **Sky Garden Tower**

"...No way. That's Tiffany?" Mid-Nite broke the silence, his voice filled with incredulity.

The morning sun poured through the windows of the Sky Garden Tower, casting a warm glow over the bustling scene inside. Mid-Nite had returned, his face flushed with exhaustion and disbelief. His eyes were locked on the tablet screen, processing what he had just heard.

Cheng smirked, crossing his arms. "Never judge a book by its cover."

Mid-Nite shot Cheng a quick glance but before he could respond, Ramsey's voice crackled through the comms. "I'm almost there. Only two more left."

Cheng's fingers flew over the tablet screen, bringing up the details. "And it looks like we've already found the next target."

Mid-Nite's face lit up with excitement. "Alright! Who is it? Let me at it."

Cheng paused for a moment, looking up from the screen. "The Vipers. They're holed up at Windmill Point, a rundown industrial zone on the outskirts of Leeds."

Ramsey's voice came through, clear and concise. "Alright—"

But Mid-Nite had already started moving toward the door, eager for action. "I'm off."

"Wait," Ramsey's voice cut through, firm.

Mid-Nite stopped dead in his tracks, turning back to the comms with a frown. "Why?"

"You will not go," Ramsey said, his tone leaving no room for debate.

Mid-Nite's brows furrowed in confusion. "What? Why? I'm ready. You know I am."

Ramsey was unyielding. "It's not about you. Cheng will be the one to take down the Vipers."

Mid-Nite's frustration was palpable as he crossed his arms. "Don't you think I'm more suitable for the task?"

"I've done the calculations," Ramsey replied. "And Cheng has the highest probability of success. This mission requires precision and combat expertise. Cheng is the one to deliver."

Cheng glanced down at the tablet, her expression unreadable. "What about the remaining hideouts? Who's going to handle finding those?"

"I'll take over," Ramsey answered, the authority in his voice clear. "Just go. We need this done quickly."

Cheng didn't hesitate. She grabbed her gear, her face set in determination. "Alright. I'm on it."

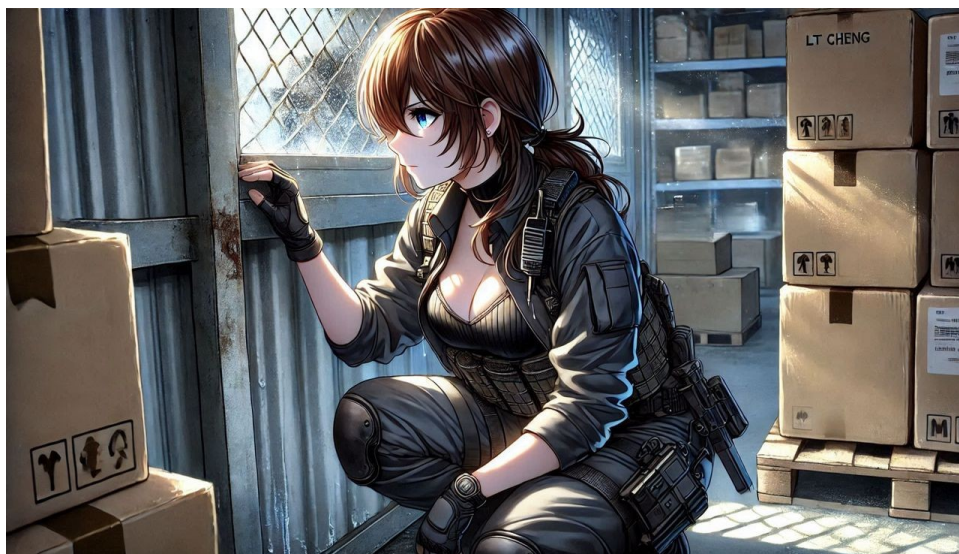
## **The Windmill Point**

The morning mist hung thick over the desolate industrial zone of Windmill Point. Once a hub of activity, it was now a ghost town, its rusted buildings and crumbling infrastructure telling the story of an area abandoned by time. Cheng's boots pressed softly against the

damp concrete as she moved, her every step calculated, her presence nothing more than a whisper in the wind.

She had arrived hours before the Vipers were scheduled to meet. The area was quiet, save for the faint hum of distant traffic, but she knew that any sound would give her away. She was no stranger to stealth, blending into the shadows, moving with the precision of a predator. Dressed as a low-level worker from a nearby construction site, she wore the same faded overalls and hard hat as the others in the area, making her blend seamlessly into the environment.

Cheng's eyes darted from one corner to another as she made her way deeper into the heart of Windmill Point. Her mission was clear—take down the Vipers' leader, Natasha "Raven" Volkov, before the gang could realize their hideout was compromised. The building she was heading towards was a rusted warehouse at the far end of the zone, its windows shattered and doors slightly ajar.



She crouched by the side of the warehouse, peeking inside. Through the grimy glass, she saw a handful of Viper members milling around. They looked like the usual—armed, dangerous, and on high alert, but Cheng was undeterred. She carefully selected her approach, weaving her way around the perimeter, staying low and out of sight.

The sun had risen now, but it was still early enough that most people in the surrounding area were still unaware of the danger lurking just beyond the boundaries of the industrial complex. Cheng moved swiftly, pulling herself up to a small fire escape ladder on the side of the building. She knew from intel that this backdoor would lead to a catwalk that ran directly above the main floor of the warehouse.

Once on the catwalk, Cheng used the shadows to conceal her movements. The Vipers were unaware of her presence as she surveyed the interior of the warehouse. There, at the far end of the room, was the target—the leader, Natasha Volkov. She was standing with a few of her top lieutenants, discussing the next shipment of drugs, her hands moving animatedly as she spoke. Cheng's eyes narrowed. She was just a few steps away from her mark.

Then it happened.

A faint sound—a footstep, a scrape of metal on metal—caught the attention of one of the Vipers. Cheng froze, her body still, eyes scanning the room below her. She had been spotted. A member of

the gang had seen her—an enforcer who was now signaling to others, his voice rising in alarm.

"Intruder! Get to the roof!" he yelled.

The room erupted into chaos. Cheng's cover was blown, but she had anticipated this. No longer able to remain unnoticed, she dropped down from the catwalk, landing with a roll that absorbed the shock and sent her into a sprint.

The Vipers drew their weapons, but Cheng was faster. In the blink of an eye, she pulled her twin pistols from their holsters and fired two quick shots into the legs of the closest thug, dropping him to the floor with a guttural scream. The others hesitated, but it didn't matter. Cheng's training was second to none. She weaved through the chaos, her every movement precise, her shots relentless.

The sound of gunfire echoed through the warehouse as Cheng danced through the Vipers' attempt to retaliate. She took cover behind rusted crates, using them as shields while picking off enemies one by one with deadly accuracy. She moved like a storm, a blur of movement and firepower, leaving nothing but destruction in her wake.

But she wasn't here for the henchmen—she was here for Natasha.

Cheng pushed through the chaos, her focus laser-sharp. The Vipers' resistance was fierce, but they were no match for her speed and precision. With every step, she carved her path toward the target—



Natasha Volkov. The moment her eyes locked onto the gang leader, a chill ran through her, an unspoken acknowledgment of the deadly dance about to unfold.

Natasha, realizing her position was compromised, darted for the back stair. Cheng didn't hesitate. She sprinted, her boots pounding against the cold concrete floor as she followed. But Natasha was fast, and by the time Cheng reached the exit, the Viper leader was already ascending a staircase leading to the rooftop.

Cheng wasn't far behind.

Bursting through the door onto the rooftop, she saw Natasha at the edge, her silhouette framed by the gray sky. The wind whipped around them, sending debris swirling through the air, but Natasha stood still, poised, awaiting her.





"Did you really think you could take me down so easily?" Natasha's voice was steady, though there was a trace of mockery in it.

Cheng's eyes narrowed, her muscles coiled for the inevitable fight. "You're just a stepping stone," she replied, her voice cold, every word a promise of what was to come.

In one fluid motion, Natasha spun, her hand reaching for the knife at her side. Cheng was already in motion, her body moving instinctively to close the distance. They collided with a burst of force, metal flashing in the air as Natasha slashed with precision, aiming for Cheng's throat. Cheng dodged, her body twisting, but the blade grazed her shoulder, a shallow cut that stung but wouldn't slow her down.

Cheng retaliated instantly, drawing her own combat knife, a sleek black blade that gleamed under the dim light. She thrust it forward, aiming for Natasha's midsection, but Natasha was quicker, deflecting the strike with a sharp twist of her wrist. Their knives clashed, sparks flying as steel met steel, the force of each blow reverberating through Cheng's arm.

"You're not bad," Natasha said, a grin playing at the corners of her mouth. "But I'm better."

Cheng didn't respond. Words weren't needed in this fight. Her eyes locked onto Natasha's, studying every movement, waiting for an opening. Natasha was quick, but Cheng knew her strengths. She feinted to the left, making Natasha anticipate the move, then swept

low with a quick strike to her legs. Natasha jumped back, but not fast enough. Cheng's knee collided with her midriff, knocking the wind out of her.

The fight continued in brutal silence. The rooftop became their battlefield, a twisting, turning mess of combat, as each woman tested the other's limits. Natasha was skilled, no doubt about it. Every slash of her knife was calculated, her movements sharp and fluid. But Cheng was a step ahead. Her training, her experience—it gave her the edge.

A vicious roundhouse kick sent Natasha stumbling back, but she recovered quickly, spinning to face Cheng with a wild, vicious smile. "Impressive," Natasha said, wiping blood from the corner of her mouth. "But you'll have to do better than that."

Without warning, Natasha lunged forward, her knife aimed for Cheng's throat. Cheng parried, but the force behind the strike was enough to push her back. She gritted her teeth, refusing to lose ground. She spun out of the way, her legs working like pistons to keep her balanced. With a fierce cry, she launched herself at Natasha, twisting in the air to deliver a brutal spinning kick that connected with Natasha's chest.

Natasha staggered back, but just as quickly, she dropped low, sweeping Cheng's legs out from under her. The world seemed to slow as Cheng hit the rooftop hard, the impact rattling her bones. Natasha was already on top of her, knife raised high.

In one smooth, fluid motion, Cheng rolled to the side, narrowly avoiding the blade, and swung her leg up, kicking Natasha's knife hand away. The two women struggled on the ground, each one attempting to gain the upper hand, each one moving with the fluidity of a predator.

"Do you really think this is over?" Natasha hissed, trying to overpower Cheng, her breath coming fast. "The Vipers don't fall so easily."

Cheng, her chest heaving with exertion, pushed Natasha off her with a forceful shove. She grabbed a piece of metal scrap from the rooftop floor, using it as an improvised weapon. "I don't need to think," Cheng said through gritted teeth. "I just need to end it."

With a swift motion, Cheng thrust the metal scrap toward Natasha's throat. Natasha, in a desperate move, twisted, using her last bit of strength to dodge the blow—but not fast enough. The metal scraped across her skin, a deep cut opening along her cheek.

Blood trickled down Natasha's face, but she still grinned, her eyes wild with defiance. "You'll have to do better than that," she taunted, her hand reaching for the knife at her side again.

Cheng was done playing.

In one final surge of energy, she dropped low, sweeping Natasha's legs out from under her. The Viper leader fell hard, the wind

knocked out of her. Cheng didn't hesitate. She straddled her opponent, holding her down with brutal force.

With a swift movement, she drew her gun, pressing the barrel against Natasha's forehead.

"Game over," Cheng whispered.

There was a moment of silence between them, the weight of what had just transpired hanging in the air. And then, she knocks her out.

## **Sky Garden Tower**

Back at Sky Garden Tower, the afternoon sun filtered through the sleek glass walls, casting a warm glow over the room. The team had gathered, the tension of their respective missions lingering in the air.

Ramsey stood by the large monitor, his eyes fixed on the data streaming across it. "Great job, Cheng. Bring Natasha in," he said, his voice steady.

Mid-Nite leaned back in his chair, grinning. "Woah, that was amazing. Never thought I'd see the day."

Ramsey shot him a sharp glance. "That's why I said, there's no one else better for the job than her."

Mid-Nite raised his hands in mock surrender. "Hey, I took down the Iron Fists too."

Ramsey didn't look up, his focus still on the data. "Regardless, I'm unable to find the location for the last one..."

The door creaked open, and Tiffany stepped into the room with a faint smirk. "Midnight Syndicate," she said, cutting through the conversation.

Ramsey nodded, turning to her. "Ah, Tiffany, you're back. Any problems?"

Tiffany gave a casual shrug. "No, they were a mess. Easy work." She leaned against the desk, arms crossed.

Ramsey's eyes narrowed as he adjusted the tablet in his hand. "Yeah, the Midnight Syndicate. They thrive on cyber crime, hacking—you name it."

Before Tiffany could respond, a sudden beep came from Ramsey's phone. The screen flashed an unknown number, and he connected it to the tablet to trace the location.

Ramsey's voice was sharp as he answered. "Hello?"

The voice on the other end was calm, almost mocking. "And they have already been taken down."

Ramsey's jaw tightened. "You!"



The voice chuckled lightly. "Think of it as a last favor for you. None of you are even capable of taking them down. Go check the news. They're caught."

Ramsey's grip on the tablet tightened, his eyes scanning the screen. "What are you talking about?"

The Supplier's voice remained unfazed. "I've done you a service. They're in custody, in your city. Don't bother wasting your time. Go ahead—turn on the news. It's already all over."

Ramsey's eyes flickered to Tiffany, then Mid-Nite. "Is this for real?"

Mid-Nite tilted his head, confused. "What's this guy playing at?"

Ramsey's voice was colder now. "Why help me? What's the angle here?"

The Supplier's laugh echoed through the line, almost gleeful. "The Midnight Syndicate? That was the reward for letting me into Heartlands. You see, while you were busy hunting down the other gangs, I was busy too. Every operation, every outpost, every crime ring—Heartlands is gone. All of it. Your men, your territories, your entire network—undone."

Tiffany's eyes widened. "You're telling us—everything?"

"Every single part of it," the Supplier confirmed, his voice smug.

"Except for one thing. Your new hideout. Vince Farmhouse where all your men are at. That's the only place left."

Ramsey's voice was low, filled with a mix of disbelief and fury.

"Why?"

The Supplier's laugh came through the line, cold and mocking. "I cut weak ends. You were going to destroy it anyway, but I couldn't resist

making poor Hiram feel bad about it. But none the less, consider it a favor. A little gift for the trouble you caused me."

Ramsey's hand tightened around the tablet, his knuckles white. "You think you're untouchable, don't you?"

The Supplier's chuckle echoed again. "You've been too focused on the wrong battles. I'm always one step ahead, Ramsey. But don't worry, I'll leave you the remnants of what's left of your empire. Vince Farmhouse. For you to take it down yourself."

Ramsey's breath hitched as the call abruptly ended. The silence in the room was suffocating, as if the walls themselves were closing in on him.

Mid-Nite, sensing the heaviness in the air, broke the silence first. "So... this is how it ends? Leeds is safe?"

Tiffany's eyes met Ramsey's, waiting for his response, her expression a mixture of relief and uncertainty.





The comms crackled with a burst of static before a new voice came through, upbeat and full of energy. "No way! Even though it's not what we expected, this is way better!"

Ramsey's lips curled into the faintest of smiles as the realization hit him. The chaos, the danger, the betrayals—they were all over. "Yes," he said, his voice steady but filled with a quiet satisfaction. "Leeds is safe from destruction."

Tiffany let out a laugh, the tension that had gripped her shoulders lifting in an instant. "We did it... We really did it. This ends now."

Mid-Nite leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms, a grin plastered on his face. "Damn right we did. All those years, all those battles... and we walked out on top."

Ramsey let out a soft exhale, his gaze shifting to the team gathered around him. He felt something in his chest loosen—a mix of pride

and exhaustion. "I couldn't have done it without you guys. We all played our part."

Tiffany nodded, her usual sharpness softened by the victory. "You led us, Ramsey. No one else could've done what you did."

Mid-Nite raised a brow, a teasing smirk forming on his lips. "Yeah, and I guess it doesn't hurt that I took down the Iron Fists too, huh? I'm just that good."



Ramsey chuckled, the sound genuine and full of warmth. "I'd say you've earned a little bragging rights, Mid-Nite."

Cheng's voice came through the comms, calm and collected, as always. "Don't forget about me, guys. I'm the one who took down Natasha 'Raven' Volkov, remember?"

Tiffany shot Cheng a thumbs up, her face lighting up with admiration. "We've all pulled our weight, each one of us. But you? You were unstoppable."

Ramsey smiled, his gaze turning thoughtful as he looked out the window at the sprawling city. "It's hard to believe it's over... all that work, all that risk."

Mid-Nite slapped him on the back, breaking his reverie. "You didn't just survive, man. You thrived. You made this happen."

Ramsey's smile widened, and for the first time in a long while, he allowed himself to feel something close to peace. "We did it. Together."

Tiffany's voice softened, the weight of everything they had been through settling in. "So... what now? What happens next?"

Ramsey looked at her, then at each of the others. His team. The people who had stuck by him through everything. "Now, we rebuild," he said firmly, his voice full of quiet resolve. "We take what's left, and we create something better. We build something that lasts,

something that's ours—not just for us, but for everyone who believes in what we stand for."

Mid-Nite's eyes glinted with a hint of mischief. "And maybe... a little more peace and quiet for once, huh?"

Tiffany laughed, shaking her head. "Oh, peace and quiet are overrated. But yeah... I think we've earned it."

Ramsey turned back to face them all, his heart lighter than it had been in years. "We've earned more than peace, Tiffany. We've earned a future."

Cheng, ever the silent observer, smiled softly. "It's been a hell of a ride."

Mid-Nite stretched out his arms, an exaggerated yawn escaping his lips. "And it's not over yet, is it? I mean, who knows what kind of craziness will find us next?"

Ramsey raised a brow, a teasing glint in his eyes. "Don't jinx it, Mid-Nite."

Tiffany nudged him with her elbow, her smile wide. "You can't just let us have a moment of peace, can you?"

Ramsey's laugh filled the room, genuine and full of warmth. For the first time in a long time, he felt something like hope—the kind that comes after a storm, when the sky is finally clear.





But Ramsey knew it was not over. It was **Day 5, 20th September**. Just two more days until The End.

The weight of it all settled back into his chest. The mission was nearly complete, but the final step loomed large. There was no denying it now—this was the endgame. He had to return to the Heartlands, to the remnants of his empire, and do what had to be done.

**Surrender.**

The thought hung in the air, heavy and undeniable. The Heartlands Mob, once a powerhouse, was on the brink of collapse. All the bloodshed, all the alliances, all the betrayal—it had all led to this moment. No more games, no more resistance. The battle for control had already been lost.

And Ramsey, the boss who had orchestrated it all, would be the one to bring it to its final chapter.

